

Hymnal

For use in St. Paul's Chapel
Columbia University
in the City of New York



F-46.13

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Published for the University by
The Century Co. . . New York

1914

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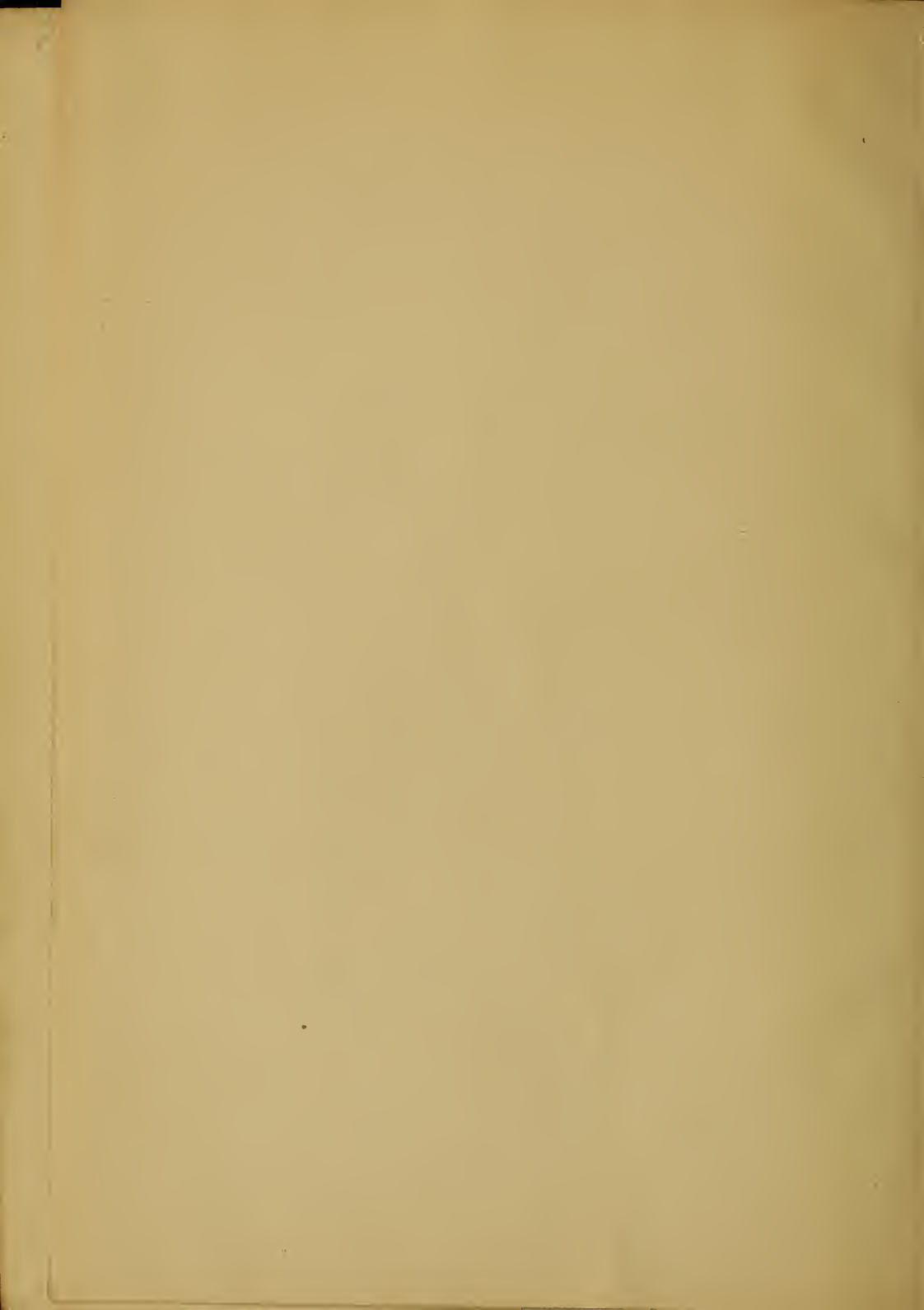
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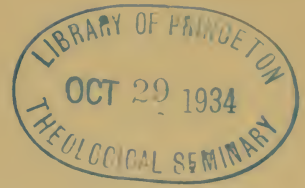
Yours very truly,

Eliza A. McKill

Secretary to Talcott Williams.



Hymnal



For use in

St. Paul's Chapel

✓
Columbia University

That the Students of Columbia University may have for their use a collection of hymns especially associated with the services of St. Paul's Chapel, this selection has been made.

[Advance Sheets]

Published for the University by
The Century Co.

New York . . . 1914

To the memory of
C. P. S.

In lumine Tuo videbimus lumen.

More than a century and a half ago was laid the first stone of this University, then called "King's College," established by Royal Charter "for the Honour of Almighty God and the advancement of the Public Good, both in Church and State." The founders were men of religious conviction; in their minds sound learning was inseparable from true religion; and they saw to it that their Charter, while granting equal rights and privileges to men of all denominations, should also recognize the spiritual need and duty of all men by providing that a daily service should be "constantly performed in the said College forever." In fulfilment of this purpose St. Paul's Chapel of Columbia University has been erected, "forever to be and remain a house set apart and dedicated to the service of Almighty God and of his Son Jesus Christ our Saviour."

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Omnium Creator Rerum

I REGENT SQUARE

Henry Smart, 1867

1. OM - NI - UM Cre - a - tor re - rum! Vi - ta, Lu - meu, Ve - ri - tas:

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 1. OM - NI - UM Cre - a - tor re - rum! Vi - ta, Lu - meu, Ve - ri - tas:

Ad - mi - ra - mur et lau - da - mus Mun - di Re - gem, Prin - ci - pem.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: Ad - mi - ra - mur et lau - da - mus Mun - di Re - gem, Prin - ci - pem.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Sempit - ter - na in sae - cu - la. A - men.

The third system of music concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Sempit - ter - na in sae - cu - la. A - men.

2 Jesu Christe, Auctor vitae,
Tu Salvator omnium,
Nomen est Tuum exaltatum
Iure supra sidera.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Sempiterna in saecula.

3 Fulget a Te veri lumen,
Lumen et videbimus,
Inde vero vitae nostrae
Effulgebunt splendide.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Sempiterna in saecula.

4 Templum nostrum clarum, dictum
Sancti Pauli nomine,
Dedicamus et precamur
Aedes haec sacrata sit.

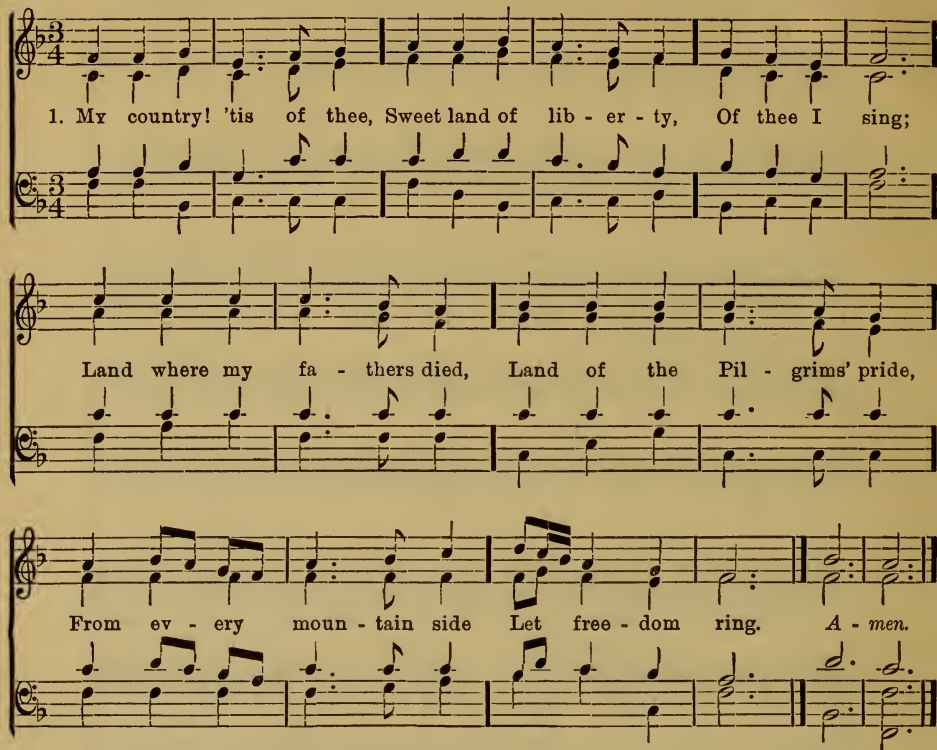
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Sempiterna in saecula.

National

3

AMERICA 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

H. Carey, 1743



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grims' pride,
From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.

2 Columbia revered,
By our forefathers reared
With love and pride;
Mother of Truth and Right,
Forever may thy light
Guide us, thy sons, aright,
Where'er we bide.

3 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

The Beginning of Worship

4 NICÆA P. M. (11, 12, 12, 10, Irregular)

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessèd Trin - i - ty! A - men.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Morning

30 LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 61.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. WHEN morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,

To Je - sus I re - pair;... May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

- 2 When'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

- Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Morning

32 MELCOMBE L. M.

S. Webbe, 1790

1. New ev-ery morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safe-ly brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and tho't. A - men.

2 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;

Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1837

33 MORNING HYMN L. M.

F. H. Barthélémon (1741—1808)

1. A - WAKE, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will;
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

T. Kea, 1695 (text of 1709)

Morning

34[†]

Come, my soul, thou must be waking.

P. M.

FIRST TUNE.

Arr. from HAYDN.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the

earth an - oth - er day; Come, to Him Who made this

splen - dor See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - MEN.

2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light unfolding
All things in unclouded day.

*F. R. L. Canitz, 1700
Tr. H. J. Buckoll.*

Morning

36 TALLIS' CANON L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1565

1. I AM lu - cis or - to si - de - re De - um pre - ce - mur sup - pli - ces,

Ut in di - ur - nis ac - ti - bus Nos ser - vet a no - cen - ti - bus. A - men.

2 Linguam refrenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet;
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

3 Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia;
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas:

4 Ut, cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

5 Deo Patri sit gloria,
Eiusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

Morning Hymn of Ambrose

37 TALLIS' CANON L. M.

- 1 AGAIN the daylight fills the sky;
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do, or say,
Would keep us free from harm today;
- 2 Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife;
Would shield from anger's din our life;
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,
And close our ears from vanities.
- 3 So we, when this new day is gone,
And shades of night are drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise His name for victory gained.

Evening

40 TWILIGHT 6s, 5s.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;...

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.
Eve - ning steal a - cross the sky.

- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;

- Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.
- 5 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

41 SCHUMANN (Heath) S. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann (1810—1856)

1. OUR day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall;

But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. A - men.

Evening

42 HURSLEY L. M.

P. Ritter, 1792 Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861

1. SUN of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A - men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble, 1820

(SCHUMANN—Heath) S. M.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,

We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellertoo, 1867

Evening

44 ST. LEONARD C. M. 81.

H. Hiles, 1867

1. THE shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve-ning lie.

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

Evening

45 CHAUTAUQUA 7, 7, 7, 4 With Refrain

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
worship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.

Refrain.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

cres.

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face
Our hearts ascend.

4 When, for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

Evening

49 ST. FIDELIS L. M.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. A - GAIN, as eve-ning's shad-ow falls, We gath-er in these hal-lowed walls;

And ves-per hymn and ves-per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air. A - men.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light, to Thee we bow!
Within all shadows standest Thou.
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

S. Longfellow, 1852

50 RADIANT MORN 8, 8, 8, 4

C. F. Gounod, 1872

1. THE ra-diant morn hath passed a - way And spent too soon her gold - en store;

The shad-ows of de - part-ing day Creep on once more. A - men.

Evening

51 BENEDICTION 10s.

E. J. Hopkins, 1867

1. SAV - IOUR, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton, 1866

(RADIANT MORN) 8, 8, 8, 4

- 2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last.
- 3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,
- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring, 1864

Evening

52 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826

1. SOFT - LY now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee. A - men.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

3 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane, 1827

53 NELLINE 7, 7, 7, 5

W. F. Sherwin, 1883

1. HO - LY Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray;

Grant us, ev - ery clos - ing day, Light at eve - ning time. A - men.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years,
Light at evening time.

Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

R. H. Robinson, 1869

Evening

56 LUX BENIGNA 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. LEAD, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on:

cres. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....

The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-men.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Evening

57 EVENTIDE 108.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. A - BIDE with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,

Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me. A - men.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Evening

58 NUTFIELD 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light, Who the day for toil hast
giv-en, For rest the night, May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy
mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night. A-men.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.

When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

R. Heber, 1827, and R. Whateley, 1855

HARRIETTELE 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4 (Second Tune.)

H. G. B. Hunt (1847—)

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light, Who the day for
toil hast giv-en, For rest the night, May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slumber sweet Thy
mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night. A - - men.

The Close of Worship

59 SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN 8s, 7s. 6 l.

Sicilian Melody

1. { LORD, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace ; }
 { Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace ; }

Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav - ling thro' this wil - der - ness. A - men.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found!

3 So, when'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven;
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Rise, and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett, 1773

60 BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. THE Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive ;

His gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave. A - men.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
 Along our homeward road;
 In silent thought or friendly talk
 Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
 Shall close the day of rest;
 Be He of every heart the light,
 Of every home the guest.

J. Ellerton, 1872

God the Father

77 CORINTH C. M.

L. Mason

1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy Maj - es - ty how bright,

How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light. A - men.

2 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

F. W. Faber, 1849

78 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts, 1719

Reign and Mediation

I47 CORONATION C. M.

O. Holden, 1793

1. ALL hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! A - men.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

The Holy Spirit

I 56 ST. CUTHBERT 8, 6, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. OUR blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,

A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A-men.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.
5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. Auber, 1829

I 57 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From I. J. Pleyel, 1800

1. COME, O Cre-a-tor Spir-it blest! And in our souls take up Thy rest;

Come, with Thy grace and heav'nly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A-men.

2 Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!
3 Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far back our enemy repel,
And let Thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having Thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.
5 O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

The Holy Spirit

I64 STEPHENS C. M.

Wm. Jones

1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-ning pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I. Watts, 1707

I65 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1875

1. SPIR - IT di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;

De - scend with all Thy gra - cious pow'rs, Oh come, great Spir - it, come! A - men.

- 2 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 3 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings
The wings of peaceful love;

- And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.
- 4 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,
Oh come, great Spirit, come!

A. Reed, 1890

The Church

173 AURELIA 7s, 6s. 8l.

S. S. Wesley, 1864

1. THE Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

The Church

I 74 AUSTRIA 8s, 7s. 8l.

F. J. Haydn, 1797

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;

He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode;

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-men.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;

Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

The Church

I 78 EIN' FESTE BURG 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7

Martin Luther, 1529

1. A MIGHTY fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;

Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,

And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e--qual. A-men.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with demons
filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.

The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Salvation Offered

203 GALLEE 8s, 7s.

W. H. Jude (1851—)

1. JE - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low me!" A - men.

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,

Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852

204 ETERNITY S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. OH, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'T were

vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole. A - men.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

J. Montgomery, 1828

Salvation Offered

210 ST. HILDA 7s, 6s 81.

Arr. by W. H. Walter, from
J. H. Knecht, 1799, and E. Husband, 1871

1 O JE - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:

Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear:

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Salvation Offered

211 PORTUGUESE HYMN IIS.

Anon. 1751 (?)

1. How **FIRM** a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His

ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who un - to the

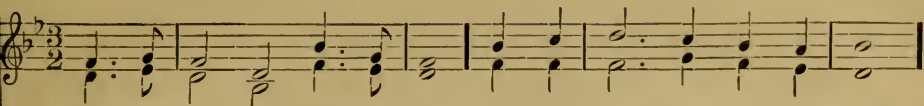
Saviour for ref-uge have fled? Who un - to the Saviour for ref-uge have fled? *A-men.*

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Even down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

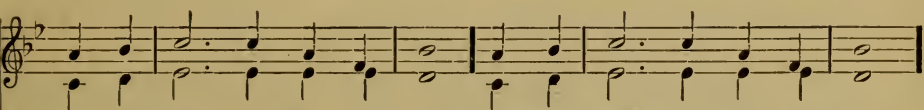
Salvation Accepted

220 TOPLADY 7s. 61.

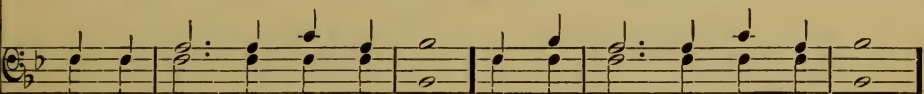
T. Hastings, 1830



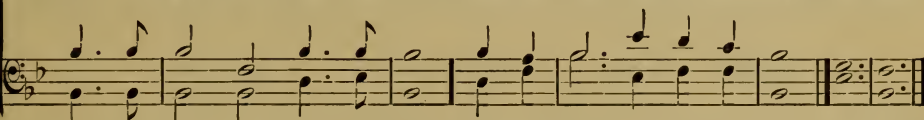
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Salvation Accepted

221 WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1849

1. JUST as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

C. Elliott, 1836

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

(Second Tune)

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

1. JUST as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

Salvation Accepted

222 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. JE - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

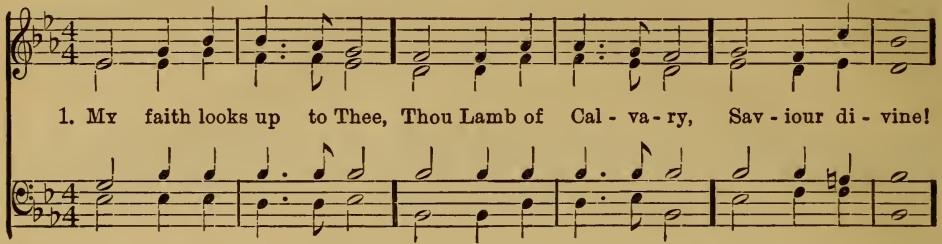
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

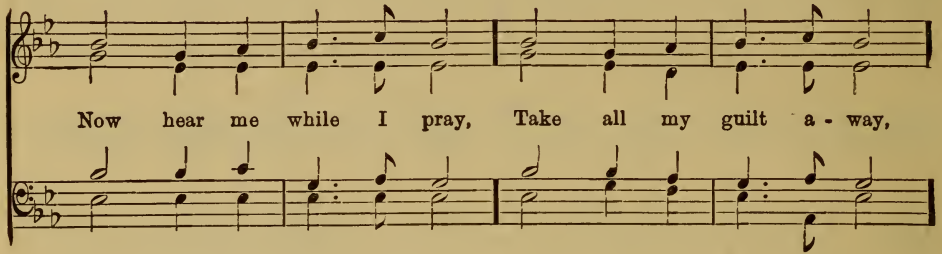
Faith and Consecration

249 OLIVET 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

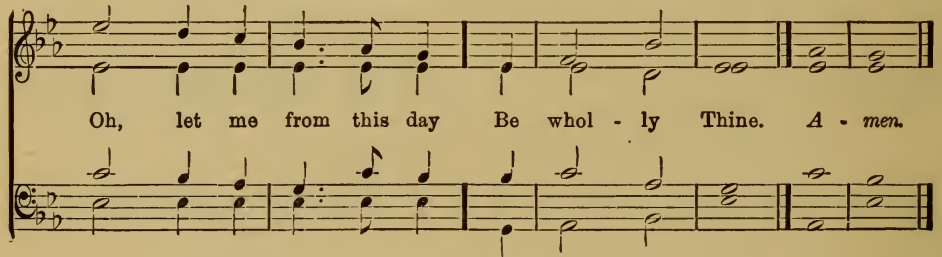
L. Mason, 1832



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine!



Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,



Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Faith and Consecration

251 BETHANY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1856

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Faith and Consecration

267 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It

soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast!
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and King;

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779

268 HENDON 7s.

H. A. C. Malan, 1827

1. CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may

I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ, Still for Thee my pow'rs em-ploy. A - men.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.

3 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;

Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

R. Wardlaw, 1827

Love and Gratitude

274 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE 115.

Adoniram J. Gordon

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou;

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - men.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon, on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight;
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Love and Gratitude

284 BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. OH, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me. A - men.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley, 1742

285 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1836

1. FA - THER, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov' - reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:— A - men.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele, 1760

Love and Gratitude

288

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832

1. JE - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?

Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days? A - men.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. Grigg, 1765

289

BOOTERSTOWN C. M.

H. Bussell

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - men.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

W. Cowper, 1772 4b.

Love and Gratitude

292 LOVE DIVINE 8s, 7s. 8l.

C. F. Le Jeune, 1872

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trembling heart. A-men.

2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted let us be;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secured by Thee,
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Love and Gratitude

301 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

F. C. Maker, 1881

1. BE - NEATH the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The

shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A

home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the

burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.

2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of one
 Who suffered there for me.
 And from my smitten heart with tears,
 These wonders I confess,—
 The wonder of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding-place;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the cross.

Prayer

308 ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning

star, As that which calls me to... Thy feet, The hour of pray'r? A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave. | 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind. |
| 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven. | 5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee. |

C. Elliott, 1834

309 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. fr. H. G. Nägeli, by L. Mason, 1845

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands, How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,

cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well. | 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away. |
| 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind? | Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find. |

P. Doddridge, 1755

Aspiration

312 AMSTERDAM 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6

Anon., 1742

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things T'ward heav'n, thy na - tive place:

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Aspiration

313 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. A - men.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams, 1745

SEGUR 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune.)

J. P. Holbrook (1822—1888)

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;

Aspiration

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. A - men.

314 MARY MAGDALENE 6s, 5s. 81. J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. PUR-ER yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear - er

Ev - ery du - ty find; Hop-ing still, and trust - ing God with-out a fear,

Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear. A - men.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
 In the hour of pain,
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To His will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light,—

Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
 Ever onward run,
 Firmer yet and firmer
 Step as I go on.
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast;
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed.

Hymns of Peace

331 GORTON S. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven (1770—1827)

1. THE Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied: Since

He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.</p> <p>3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.</p> | <p>4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.</p> <p>5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.</p> |
|---|---|

I. Watts, 1719

332 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s, 7s. Irregular

J. B. Dykes, 1868

THE King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;

I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for-ev-er. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.</p> <p>3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.</p> | <p>4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.</p> <p>5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.</p> |
|--|--|

H. W. Baker, 1868

Trial and Conflict

338 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848

1. Off in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go;

Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A - men.

- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
 March in heavenly armor clad ;
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry;

- Let not fears your course impede,
 Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to battle move,
 More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White, 1806

339 VIGILATE 7, 7, 7, 3

W. H. Monk, 1868

1. CHRIS-TIAN, seek not yet re - pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;

Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch... and pray. A - men.

- 2 Gird Thy heavenly armor on,
 Wear it ever, night and day;
 Near thee lurks the evil one;
 Watch and pray.
- 3 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
 Still they watch each warrior's way ;
 All with one deep voice exclaim,
 Watch and pray.

- 4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
 Him thou lovest to obey ;
 Hide within thy heart His word,
 Watch and pray.
- 5 Watch, as if on that alone
 Hung the issue of the day ;
 Pray that help may be sent down ;
 Watch and pray.

C. Elliott, 1836

Trial and Conflict

340 ONWARD 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5

W. C. Filby (1836—)

1. BREAT the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est;

Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's long - est;

On - ward and on - ward still, Be thine en - deav - or;

The rest that re - main - eth, Will be for ev - er. A - men.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
 Jesus is o'er thee;
 Run the race, Christian,
 Heaven is before thee;
 He who hath promised
 Faltereth never;
 He who hath loved so well,
 Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth;
 Raise thy heart, Christian,
 Ere it reposesh;
 Thee from the love of Christ
 Nothing shall sever;
 And, when thy work is done,
 Praise Him for ever.

Trial and Conflict

342 PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, (1846—)

1. FIGHT the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;

Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

343 WINTERBOURNE 8, 8, 8, 4

W. E. Evill, 1890

1. MY God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done!"

4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

C. Elliott, 1835

Trial and Conflict

344 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. SOL - DIERS of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on; Strong

in the strength which God sup - plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son. A - men

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

C. Wesley, 1749 Ad.

345 LABAN S. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - men.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:

Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath, 1782

Hymns of Service

355 ALL SAINTS, No. 2 C. M. 81.

H. S. Cutler, 1872

1. THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
 His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
 Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-men.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save;
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 knew
 And mocked the torch of flame;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks the stroke to
 feel:
 Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the throne of God rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

Thymns of Service

356

WEBB 7s, 6s. 81.

G. J. Webb, 1830

1. STAND up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day.
 Ye that are men, now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally!

Hymns of Service

357 MARION S. M. With Refrain

A. H. Messiter, 1883

1. RE - JOICE, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;

Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King,

Refrain.

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A - men.

Re - joice, re - joice,

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as we go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

8 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

Hyms of Service

358 ST. GERTRUDE 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan, 1871

1. ON-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

Refrain.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - men.
war, With the cross of

With the cross of

2 At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee;
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory!
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise!
 Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, etc.

Hymns of Service

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould 1865

359 ROCKINGHAM (OLD) L. M.

E. Miller, 1790

1. LORD, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and won. A - men.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal, 1872

Hymns of Service

372 HUMMEL C. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deemer's praise,

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace. A - men.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

C. Wesley, 1739

373 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1728

1. A - WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'nly

race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. A - men.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;

'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. Doddridge, 1755

Hymns of Service

388 WORK SONG 7, 6, 7, 5 81.

L. Mason, 1864

1. WORK for the night is com - ing; Work thro' the morn - ing hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - men.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon :
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies ;
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work, while night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Missions — Foreign

401 MISSIONARY HYMN 7s, 6s. 81.

L. Mason, 1823

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Missions—Foreign

402 MOSCOW 108.

A. F. Lwoff, 1833

1. RISE, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy

tow'-ring head and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its spark - ling por - tals wide dis -

play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A - men.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Missions—Foreign

404 WEBB 7s, 6s. 81.

G. J. Webb, 1830

1. THE morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The Gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay;
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

Missions—Foreign

414 CUTTING 6s, 4s.

W. F. Sherwin (1826—1887)

1. CHRIST for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,

With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and

o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - men.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Thymns of Hope

415 PILGRIMS IIS, IOS. With Refrain

H. Smart, 1868

1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

Refrain.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Ref.*
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Ref.*
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Ref.*

Hymns of Hope

417 ALFORD 7, 6, 8, 6 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. TEN thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:...

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.

2 What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 Oh, day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made;
 Oh, joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power, and reign:
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home;
 Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Hymns of Hope

418 HOMELAND 7s, 6s. 81.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. THE Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:

I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;

There is no pain in the Homeland, To which I'm drawing near. A - men.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
 With angels bright and fair;
 No sinful thing nor evil,
 Can ever enter there;
 The music of the ransomed
 Is ringing in my ears,
 And when I think of the Homeland,
 My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
 Are waiting me to come
 Where neither death nor sorrow
 Invade their holy home;
 O dear, dear native Country!
 O rest and peace above!
 Christ bring us all to the Homeland
 Of His eternal love.

Hymns of Hope

419 PARADISE, No. 1 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. Barnby, 1866

1. O PAR - A - DISE, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;

Where loy - al hearts and true,
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth

As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destined for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Hymns of Hope

420 EWING 7s, 6s. 8l.

A. Ewing, 1853

1. JE - RU - SA - LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A - men.

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All-jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng:
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,—
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast;

- And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Hymns of Hope

421 MATERNA C. M. 81.

S. A. Ward, 1882

Copyright, 1882, by S. A. Ward

1. O MOTH - ER dear, Je - ru - sa-lem! When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?...

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!...

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
 But every soul shines as the sun;
 For God Himself gives light,
 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
 Thy joys when shall I see?
 The King that sitteth on thy throne
 In His felicity?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green,
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant
 As nowhere else are seen. [flowers

Right through thy streets, with silver
 The living waters flow, [sound,
 And on the banks, on either side,
 The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
 And evermore do spring:
 There evermore the angels are,
 And evermore do sing.
 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Would God I were in thee!
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see!

D. Dickson (1583-1663)
 (Founded on "F. B. P." MSS., 16th or 17th Cent.)

Thymns of Hope

425 SARUM 10, 10, 10 With Alleluia

J. Barnby, 1869

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by
 faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je-sus,
 be for-ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
 Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light. Alleluia!
- 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

Hymns of Hope

433 CASTLE RISING C. M. 81.

F. A. J. Hervey, 1867

1. THE ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day,

The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way:

Oh, for the pearl - y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the gold - en floor!

Oh, for the Sun of right - eous - ness That set - teth nev - er - more. A - men.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint:
 Oh, for a heart that never sins,
 Oh, for a soul washed white,
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;
 But there are perfectness and peace,
 Beyond our best desire:
 Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
 Oh, by Thy life laid down!
 Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown!

Times and Occasions

521 MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1. O BEAU - TI - FUL for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,

For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties, A - bove the fruit - ed plain;

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea. A - men.

- 2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
 Whose stern, impassioned stress
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat
 Across the wilderness;
 America! America!
 God mend thine every flaw,
 Confirm thy soul in self-control,
 Thy liberty in law.
- 3 O beautiful for glory-tale
 Of liberating strife,
 When valiantly, for man's avail,
 Men lavished precious life;

- America! America!
 May God thy gold refine,
 Till all success be nobleness,
 And every gain divine.
- 4 O beautiful for patriot dream
 That sees beyond the years,
 Thine alabaster cities gleam,
 Undimmed by human tears;
 America! America!
 God shed His grace on thee,
 And crown thy good with brotherhood,
 From sea to shining sea.

Processionals

522

On our way rejoicing.

6.5. D.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

i. On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es,

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!

Is our sky be - cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re - joic - ing,

As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! A-MEN.

2 If with honest-hearted
 Love for God and man,
 Day by day Thou find us
 Doing what we can,
 Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
 Wilt give large increase,
 Crown the head with blessings,
 Fill the heart with peace.
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing
 Gladly let us go;
 Conquered hath our Leader!
 Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety;
 Christ within, our joy;
 Who, if we be faithful,
 Can our hope destroy?
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father
 Joyful songs we sing;
 Unto God the Saviour
 Thankful hearts we bring;
 Unto God the Spirit
 Bow we and adore,
 On our way rejoicing
 Now and evermore!
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1873.

General

542 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR 6, 4, 6, 4 With Refrain

Robert Lowry, D.D.,

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord ;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

Refrain

I need Thee, oh ! I need Thee : Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee ;

Oh, bless me now, my Sav - iour ! I come to Thee. A - men.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.— *Ref.*

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.— *Ref.*

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide;
Or life is vain.— *Ref.*

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed;
Thou blessed Son.— *Ref.*

Refrain:

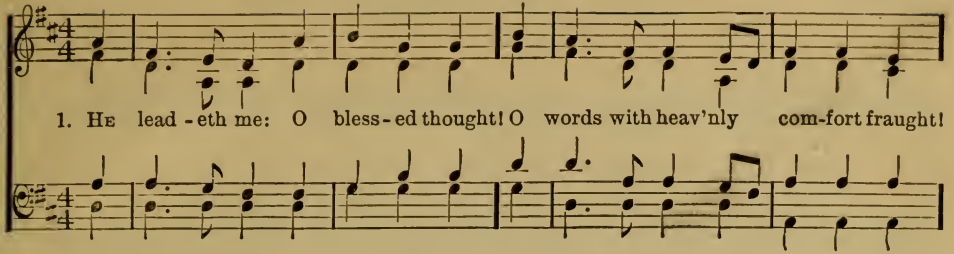
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee:
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

Renewal. Used by permission. Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry.

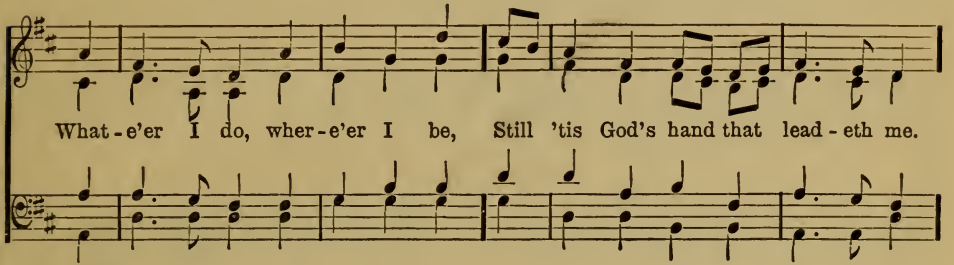
General

543 HE LEADETH ME L. M. With Refrain

W. B. Bradbury, 1864



1. HE lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!

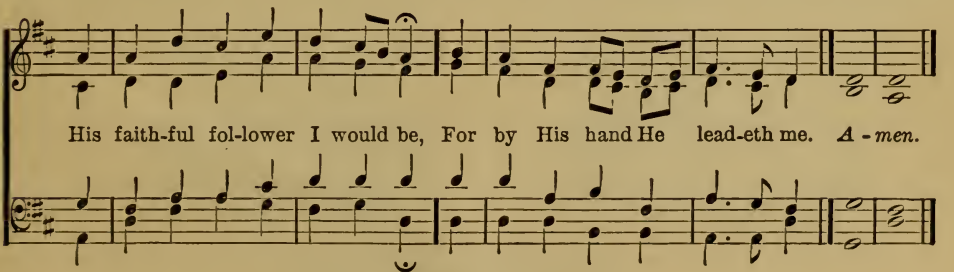


What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.

Refrain



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me: By His own hand He lead-eth me:



His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A - men.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters calm, o'er troubled sea, —
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
Ref. — He leadeth me, etc.

Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
Ref. — He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine;
 Nor ever murmur nor repine;

4 And when my task on earth is done;
 When by Thy grace, the victory's won;
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
Ref. — He leadeth me, etc.

General

544

Come, Thou almighty King.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - migh - ty King, Help us Thy Name to sing,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days! A - MEN.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend !
Come, and Thy people bless ;
Come, give Thy word success ;
'Stablish Thy righteousness,
Saviour and Friend !

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour !
Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !

4 To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore ;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Anon.



